

THE SIXTH GUN

Issue 1

Script for Pages 1 - 22

Written by Cullen Bunn

Illustrated by Brian Hurtt

PAGE 1

Two Panels

1.1

Wide panel.

Exterior shot of a boomtown. Day.

This is the kind of town that dreams of growing up to be much larger and finer than it actually is, and it is rotten with drunkards, cutthroats, and heathens. Mismatched buildings (some tall, new, and fancy; others squat and already giving way to rot) and wooden walkways line either side of the street. A wide muddy track, rutted from wagon wheel and hoof print, runs through the center of town. There are horses tied to hitching post along the track. A few citizens mill about.

Our focus is on Missy Hume's tavern and dance hall, which serves as an important set piece for the first couple of issues in the series.

This structure seems out of place in the small boomtown, but indeed it is the black heart of the community. It is a massive building, easily towering over even the tallest of the other structures in the community.

The painted sign out front identifies the place as the Silver Palace.

1/CAPTION:

Among those who know the truth of things, it is widely understood that the **Sixth Gun** vanished after the War.

1.2

Large panel.

Interior shot of the saloon. The place is massive and beautifully decorated, with vaulted ceilings; great, decorative columns (think St. Louis' Fox Theater); crystal chandeliers; curtained balconies; and a massive stage (also curtained). A piano stands next to the bar. As it is the middle of the day, it is not crowded, but there are a few customers (sitting at the bar, playing pokers).

2/CAPTION:

Some believe it was shattered to bits when General Oliander Bedford Hume was killed during the Razing of Devil's Forks.

3/CAPTION:

Others believe something as **vile** as the gun couldn't ever be destroyed. They say not even Hell would take the weapon back ...

PAGE 2

Five Panels

2.1

On the ornate double doors that lead from the tavern to Missy Hume's private office.

1/CAPTION:

And that it's still out there in the world, just waiting to be found by someone **cruel** enough to wield it.

2/MISSY (Off-panel, tailless):

I hope you've brought good news, gentlemen.

2.2

Inside Missy's office. Angle past a high-backed chair on two men who are taking audience with Missy. They are both dressed in the simple black suits of Pinkertons. Out of respect, they hold their hats in their hands before them. One of the men is tall, good-looking, with longish hair neatly slicked back and a meticulously maintained beard. His eyes are cold and steely. This is **Nathan Mercer**. The other man looks out of place in his suit. He is broad-shoulder, muscular, and looks a bit like a thug. This is Mercer's henchman, **Faulkner**.

3/MERCER:

With all due respect, Mrs. Hume, you commissioned the Pinkerton National Detective Agency because you **demand**ed results. And we aim to please.

4/MERCER:

Although tracking down the objects in question proved more troublesome than we initially anticipated.

2.3

Wide panel. Flashback.

Note: The flashback panels should be set apart from the rest of the script. Perhaps the flashbacks are colored in a sepia tone or the border might look different. Also, keep in mind that later on there will be visions created by the Sixth Gun. I'm thinking these should be set apart as well.

Interior shot of a run-down cabin. The place looks like it's about to fall in on itself. Roots and strange amulets hang upon leather twine from the ceiling. The cabin is crowded with strange paraphernalia—herbs and roots in jars; dried frogs; skulls and

snake bones; strange, fleshy things floating in jars of brine; tall, dripping candles. Everything about the cabin would tell you that a witch lives there.

The witch in question stands next to a tall, grim-faced Pinkerton. The Pinkerton holds a nasty-looking shrunken head with long gray hair up before his face. The witch smiles crazily, wringing her hands together as she talks to the man. She eyes the shrunken head with reverence.

5/CAPTION (MERCER):

"Screaming Crow's Head, as we suspected, was a **fake**."

6/CAPTION (MERCER):

"There wasn't even much left of the shaman himself ... just a few strands of hair pasted to an old, dried-up apple."

2.4

Wide panel. Flashback.

Shot of a Pinkerton (a different man, this one thin with a very thick mustache) standing outside one of several covered wagons in a procession. The wagons are colorfully and gaudily decorated, with sideshow-style paintings upon the canvas. Essentially, this is an Old West freak show (rather than a traditional Wild West show); some of the painted advertisements for the attractions include:

- An attractive woman in a leopard skin suit. She is bending an iron bar. The wagon reads "See the Gorilla Woman!"
- A strange creature that appears to be part buffalo, part alligator. "Is it animal or reptile? You decide!"
- A mummified body towering over frightened spectators. "The 9-Foot Mystery Mummy!" *This should be our focus.*

The Pinkerton is talking with a tall, dirty-looking man outside one of the wagons. The man wears a beat-up top hat; chicken bones dangle from the brim. He wears round spectacles. The Pinkerton empties a leather pouch filled with a few gold coins into the man's waiting hands.

7/CAPTION (MERCER):

"Same goes for Asher Cobb's remains. Whatever magic the old freak might have possessed died with him. His corpse ain't worth nothing but a few pennies from curious rubes."

2.5

Wide panel. Flashback.

Shot from within a deep well. We are looking up, towards the opening above. The walls of the well are lined with open stone reliquaries filled with bone. A Pinkerton (a young, fresh-faced man) stands at the bottom of the well, and he's looking up, calling to his companions. He holds an old hooded lantern. The glass of the lantern is cracked in strange patterns. The lantern is not lit, but another lantern, this one newer, sits nearby. It is lit, and it casts strange shadows around the chamber. A rope hangs down from above. Strange, curling mist seeps out from some of the reliquaries.

8/CAPTION (MERCER):

“The Fool’s Lantern, though ... There was some **truth** to its legends, all right ...”

9/CAPTION (MERCER):

“And it cost the lives of three of my best men to retrieve it.”

PAGE 3

Seven Panels

3.1

Wide panel. Flashback.

Two Pinkertons stand in the small home of a fortune teller. The fortune teller, a withered old man in a Arabian-style, jewel-studded turban, has been shot, right between the eyes, and he falls back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. The bullet wound is still smoking. On the table before him, dozens of tarot cards are spread out haphazardly. Blood spatters across the table and some of the cards. One of the Pinkertons is gathering the cards up into a deck.

1/CAPTION (MERCER):

“Likewise, the **Tarot de Lamarliere** lived up to the rumors of its properties.”

2/CAPTION (MERCER):

“Although my men were less inclined to take any chances with the old sorcerer.”

3.2

Focus on a small, elegantly crafted wooden table covered with a frilly, lace doiley. A shaded oil lamp sits upon the table, as does a gleaming six-shooter. This is one of the Six, and the pearl handle has an inset arcane symbol. A woman’s delicate hand reaches out towards the gun, her fingertips brushing the handle lovingly. This is Missy Hume’s hand, and her arm is covered in a form-sitting lace sleeve.

3/MISSY (Off-panel):

Do you know what that tells me, Mr. Mercer?

4/MISSY (Off-panel):

Flesh is **weak** ... decaying from the moment it’s brought into the world ... rotting from birth to potter’s ground ...

3.3

Angle past the gun on Mercer. Mercer eyes Missy’s hand cautiously.

5/MISSY (Off-panel):

But **objects** ... like the lantern and the cards ... like **this** gun ...

3.4

On the gun. Missy pulls her hand away. Her long finger's linger an inch or so away from the gun, like the legs of a lazy spider.

6/MISSY (Off-panel):

Well ... they're just made to last, aren't they?

3.5

On **Missy Hume**, sitting in her high-backed chair. Her elbows are now on the arms of the chair, and she interlaces her fingers in front of her face. If this doesn't tell us she's a villain, nothing will! She is a beautiful woman, although there is something sinister about her. She is in her late-twenties, early thirties. She has black hair, dark eyes, and prominent cheekbones. Her mouth is curled in a slight, satisfied smile. She wears a high-collared dress and there is definitely a diamond wedding ring on her hand. Think a slender, evil Lucy Lawless in Old West finery.

7/MISSY:

This should serve to illuminate, then, just how important it is to find my husband ... not to mention his property ... before it's too late.

8/MISSY:

And we've lost so much time already.

3.6

On Mercer and Missy. He hands her a folded and sealed piece of paper. Now we see that Mercer wears a signet ring adorned with a variation of the cross of the Knights Templar.

9/MERCER:

Of course, Mrs. Hume. That's why I set my people about consulting the oracles as soon as we uncovered them.

10/MERCER:

I believe you'll be **delighted** by what we found.

3.7

On Missy. She has unfolded the paper, and she has been reading it, but she is looking towards the Pinkertons.

11/MISSY:

Oh, yes ... This is indeed most **exciting** ...

12/MISSY:

Although it appears I'll have further need of your services.

PAGE 4

Four Panels

4.1

Wide Panel.

Night. Clouds crawl across the moonlit sky. Shot of a lone, crooked tree upon a desolate hill. There are no leaves upon the tree, and its bent branches stretch out for yards. This is the **Gallows Tree**.

1/CAPTION:

There are **many** augurs in the world ... and secrets to uncover ...

4.2

Angle through the bare branches of the tree, looking down on **Drake Sinclair**, riding his black horse. The horse walks slowly along the ill-defined path leading towards the tree. Drake could almost pass for a Pinkerton himself, although his black suit is off-set by the colorful vest he wears.

2/CAPTION:

If you know where to look.

3/CAPTION:

But looking in the right place and having guts enough to keep your eyes open don't always go hand in hand.

4.3

Angle through the bare branches of the tree. Drake has dismounted his horse, and he's pulling an unlit torch from his saddlebags.

4/CAPTION:

That's how the things man won't meant to discover stay that way, leastways for **decent** folks.

SFX (Ghostly Creaking From the Trees):

Crrrk Crrk

4.4

Large panel.

Angle past Drake as he walks towards the tree. The torch is lit, and Drake holds it up and out. The tree undergoes a startling transformation as Drake approaches. Where the branches were bare only moments earlier, now there are numerous hanged corpses depending from the tree. The corpses are withered, rotted, and zombie-like. They are not completely corporeal, however, and as we look towards the legs and feet of each, the body begins to fade into the ether.

5/CAPTION:

Drake Sinclair had stared straight down the gullet of the beast on more than one occasion ...

6/CAPTION:

And while he had known one or two decent folks in his time, he didn't rightly count himself among their number.

SFX (Ghostly Creaking From the Trees):

Crrrk Crrrk

PAGE 5

Six Panels

5.1

On Drake. He thrusts the torch out before him. Wind causes the flame to gutter. Shadows crawl across Drake's face. The gust catches his jacket, blowing it open, and we see that the color of the silk lining compliments Drake's vest.

1/DRAKE:

I seek audience with the spirits of the Tree. I've come with questions.

2/DRAKE:

My name's—

5.2

Close on the faces of several of the corpses. They stare back at Drake with dark, empty eye sockets. Their mouths hang agape. The flesh around the ropes at their necks is rotting and flaking off. Their heads loll to the side, their necks broken. The bodies swing slowly from the branches. One of the corpses is now looking towards Drake, and a greenish glow can be seen from its eyes. A greenish vapor rises from its desiccated lips.

3/CORPSE:

We **know** who you are, Drake Sinclair ... We prisoners of the **Gallows Tree** recognize you as surely as if we had stared into a mirror ...

4/CORPSE:

And we know why you're here ...

5.3

Wide panel.

Pulling back on the Gallows Tree slightly, we have a better view of the corpses hanging from the branches. While the heads of some of the corpses still loll to the side, several of the others have straightened their heads, and an eerie green glow can now be seen from within the empty eye sockets. The corpses are speaking in a cacophonous frenzy.

5/CORPSE (Tailless):

Heart as black as chimney soot ...

6/CORPSE (Tailless):

Seeking the conqueror's riches ... The general's gold ...

7/CORPSE (Tailless):

Rotten as witch's milk ...

8/CORPSE (Tailless):

Baubles and coins ... Jewels and trinkets from dead men ...

5.4

Angle past one of the speaking corpses. The corpses seem to be communicating as one creature. A different figure speaks with each sentence. On Drake.

9/CORPSE:

We can help you find what you seek ... but you must help us as well ...

10/DRAKE:

How? What do you want? What could you possibly need?

5.5

Close on another one of the corpses.

11/CORPSE:

You found us ... using a **map** ...

5.6

Close on Drake. The wind is picking up as he pulls an old piece of folded, flaking parchment from a pocket inside his jacket. He holds the parchment up for the ghosts of the tree to see.

12/DRAKE:

Is **this** what you're talking about?

13/DRAKE:

What of it?

PAGE 6

Eight Panels

6.1

On a few of the corpses. Only one is talking right now.

1/CORPSE:

There used to be several of those maps out in the world ... One for every man lynched upon the boughs of this tree ...

2/CORPSE:

Now only one copy remains.

6.2

Extreme close up of the ghost's mouth. A black tongue wags behind the cracked lips and rotten teeth.

3/CORPSE:

Destroy it for us.

4/CORPSE:

Burn it to ash so that no one else can find us ... so that we might finally know **peace** ...

6.3

On Drake, shrugging.

5/DRAKE:

Help me, and I'll have no need to call upon you again ... and I've no cause to point anyone else in this direction.

6/DRAKE:

Tell me what I need to know and I'll torch the map right here and now.

6.4

Angle past Drake, on the tree as multiple ghosts begin gibbering answers.

7/CORPSE (Tailless):

Finding the General's fortune is no easy feat ... But **unlocking** the vaults ...
That will prove the true challenge ...

8/CORPSE (Tailless):

There's a family ... goes by the name of **Montcrief** ... although they weren't
always known as such ...

9/CORPSE (Tailless):

Seek them out ... and they'll lead you to what you seek ... Seek them out ...

10/CORPSE (Tailless):

Crescent Junction ...

6.5

On Drake, tucking the map back into the pocket in the lining of his jacket. He nods
his head amicably.

10/DRAKE:

Crescent Junction's quite a ways from here. I reckon I'd best be on my way.

11/DRAKE:

Much obliged.

6.6

Close on the corpses as they begin to fade out of existence. The branches of the tree
can be seen through the bodies of the phantoms. Their faces look shocked and
angry

12/CORPSE:

Wait! The map! Don't forget your promise!

13/CORPSE:

You promised to destroy it!

6.7

Angle past the tree, on Drake. He walks back to his horse, but he looks ck over his
shoulder towards the tree. The ghosts have completely vanished.

14/DRAKE:

Don't go getting your backs up. I know what I said.

15/DRAKE:

Way I figure it, though, this map will fetch a fair price from the right person. And you ought not be so surprised. You're the **oracles**, after all.

6.8

Following Drake, he's no longer looking back.

16/DRAKE:

And you know what kind of man I am.

PAGE 7

Seven Panels

7.1

Cut to an exterior shot, day. A lone figure is our focus. He is upon his belly in the dirt, using a spyglass to peer over a hill. He is a sweaty, unshaven, grubbily dressed ruffian in dirty clothes. The brim of his hat is turned up in the front. There is a pistol on his hip and a rifle on the ground next to him. He sports a lusty grin as he peers through the spyglass. This is **Bertrum**.

1/CAPTION:

But Drake wasn't the only one seeking the Montcrief farm, nor was he the first to arrive, not by a long sight.

7.2

Establishing shot of a small farmstead in the middle of scrubland. The house is squat and dilapidated. The roof sags. The fence—which might have held hogs at one time—has fallen to weather and ruin. A few stray chickens mill about the farm, pecking at bugs in the scrub. A barn stands nearby, but it is empty, the doors standing open. An old well, surrounded by a stone wall and wooden pulley system, sits near the home. In the distance, we see a line of mountains.

A pretty young woman in her early twenties walks across the yard towards the house. She wears a simple, patched up dress. Even in her simple attire, she carries herself proudly as she lugs a wooden water pail towards the house. This is **Becky**.

2/CAPTION:

Fell eyes were fixed upon the family who lived there ...

7.3

Angle past Becky. In the sky above the house a trio of vultures circle lazily.

3/CAPTION:

And the specter of **Death** had loomed over the place for weeks.

7.4

Interior shot of the house. The interior matches the exterior. The home is comprised of a few small rooms strung together. The kitchen, hearth, and sitting area are all in one large room. (*Note: it is important that the doorway to the bedrooms is situated in such a way that someone in the bedroom would have a view of the front door of the house.*) Becky sets the water bucket on the kitchen table.

NO COPY.

7.5

Close on Becky. She stands near the water bucket, composing herself, brushing a strand of hair from her face.

NO COPY.

7.6

Angle from the door to the bedroom as Becky steps inside. She moves cautiously, almost as if she expects to see something bad when she steps through the door.

4/BECKY:

Pa ...

5/BECKY:

Are you ...

7.7

Angle past Becky on a withered old man who lies in bed. The sheets are drawn up high around him. He wears a sweat-stained nightshirt. This is Becky's father, **Gregory Montcrief (Von Allen)**. He looks wearily towards his daughter as she steps into the room. On the bedside table is a water pitcher, a cup, and a hinged wooden case. It is large enough to hold a single pistol. The room is relatively small and plain. Aside from the bed and the table, there is a large chest at the foot of the bed and a rickety-looking chair with a set of clothing thrown over the back.

6/GREGORY:

Cough ... Cough ...

7/GREGORY:

I'm **awake**, dear. Haven't been able to get any decent sleep for days, thanks to this damnable hacking.

PAGE 8

Seven Panels

8.1

Cut to an exterior shot again.

Betrum, now standing, consults with three black-clad, grim faced Pinkertons (**Pinkerton 1, 2,** and Faulkner) (foreground). They stand in the shadow of a spindly tree upon a ridge some distance from Becky's house (background) Bertrum jerks a thumb back over his shoulder. There are a few other men of a similar standing to Bertum milling about as well although they may not all show up in this panel (**Thugs 1, 2, and 3**).

1/BERTRUM:

Just like you figured it, near as I can tell. Ain't seen nobody but the girl. If her step-daddy's poorly like you say, he more'n likely can't even get outta bed.

2/FAULKNER:

Well then ... you and your men shouldn't have any trouble fetching what we came for. Best be about your business.

8.2

Cut to an interior shot of the house. Becky stands next to her father's bed. She looks at her father as she picks up the water pitcher. He scoots up to a sitting position.

3/GREGORY:

I need you to do something for me, Becky ...

4/BECKY:

What's that? Do you want some water? I just brought in some fresh from the well.

8.3

Angle past Gregory as he holds a hand to his mouth to suppress a cough. With his other hand, he shakily points towards the wooden case.

5/GREGORY:

Kaff! Kaff!

6/GREGORY:

I'll be all right for a moment. Hand me that case.

8.4

On Gregory and Becky. Gregory now holds the hinged box. He slides his hands across the top of the box with no small degree of reverence.

7/GREGORY:

I don't have much more time, child ...

8/BECKY:

Don't say that—

8.5

On Gregory and Becky. He holds the box close and looks at his daughter almost pleadingly.

9/GREGORY:

We both know it's **true**. No point in pretending otherwise. And once I'm gone, I ...

10/GREGORY:

... I don't want you lingering around this place. I've squirreled away enough money for you to get out of here ... to go someplace ... better ... start a real life.

8.6

Angle past Gregory, on Becky. She looks at her father curiously.

11/BECKY:

I **have** a real life.

11/GREGORY:

You've just about wasted enough time on me, young lady. But there's one last thing you need to do for me ... It won't set things right ... but it's not your burden to carry, either ...

8.7

Close on Gregory. His ears perk up and he snaps his head towards the door.

12/GREGORY:

I need you to take this case ... Don't open it ... Just take it and chuck it in the deepest fishing hole you can—

13/GREGORY:

Eh?

PAGE 9

Six Panels

9.1

Gregory straightens up in bed. He throws one arm up before Becky protectively. The hinged box is open on the bed before him. Inside, the box is covered in cushioned velvet, the impression of a gun set into the padding. Gregory is raising the gun—the Sixth Gun—from the case. The gun has a pearl handle inset with an arcane symbol. Becky gasps in surprise and staggers back.

1/BECKY:

Pa? What's wrong?

2/GREGORY:

Get back, girl. Get back and take cover.

9.2

Angle past Gregory, taking aim on the door to the room. From this angle, the closed front door of the house can be seen through the doorway to Gregory's bedroom. There is no target in sight.

3/GREGORY (Small Lettering):

After all this time ...

4/GREGORY (Small Lettering):

Why now?

9.3

Close on Gregory, throwing his legs over the bed as he takes aim. Becky gasps behind him.

5/BECKY:

I don't understand ... I don't hear **anything**. How do you—

9.4

Cut to an exterior shot of the house. Thug 1, Thug 2, and Pinkerton 1 stand outside the front door. They all have weapons drawn (pistols for Thug 1 and the Pinkerton, a rifle for Thug 2). A hole the size of a man's fist is blown through the door as Gregory takes his shot. The bullet punches right into Thug 1's side. He drops the pistol he was holding and topples backwards. The Pinkerton and Thug 2 recoil in surprise.

6/THUG 1:

Aggh!

7/THUG 2:

Holy—

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM!

9.5

Low angle past Thug 1, who is on the ground moaning in pain and clutching his stomach. Thug 2 and Pinkerton 1 stand on either side of the door. The Pinkerton barks orders at the thug, and he's barking right back.

8/THUG 1 (Weakly):

Oooh ... uhh ...

9/PINKERON 1:

Get in there!

10/THUG 2:

I'll be **damned**! Ya want someone to go in there so bad, just let fly and do it **yerself**!

9.6

Angle past Thug 2 as Pinkerton 1 holds his had up to calm him. The Pinkerton is hunching low, beginning to crouch near the hole in the door.

11/PINKERTON 1:

Suit yourself, deadbeat!

12/PINKERTON 1:

Just stay where you are while I —

PAGE 10

Seven Panels

10.1

Close on Thug 2. His eyes widen with fright and he clutches his rifle high and tight. Before him, the Pinkerton's hat, slightly shredded, flies into the air.

NO COPY.

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM!

10.2

Pulling back from the house, as Thug 2 runs for cover. He's crying out and glancing back at the house as he runs. Behind him, the bodies of Thug 1 and Pinkerton 1 are on the ground.

1/THUG 2:

Aw, to Hell with this!

2/THUG 2:

There's some sort of sharp shooter in there ... and he's got eyes in the back of his—

10.3

Close on Thug 2, flinching in pain, baring his teeth. He holds his rifle in one hand now. His back is arched, and he is reaching towards his back with twitching fingers.

3/THUG 3:

Ugh!

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM! BLAM!

10.4

Inside the house. Angle past Becky. Gregory is out of bed. He has the Sixth Gun at the ready as he moves towards the bedroom door. He is glancing back, telling his daughter to take cover.

4/GREGORY:

Just stay down, Becky. Do you hear me?

10.5

Close on Gregory, raising the gun close to his ear, as if listening to it. His eyes are almost closed.

5/GREGORY:

There're four more of them out there.

6/GREGORY:

They're coming ...

10.6

Outside the cabin, on the ridge, Faulkner is the picture of calm as he checks his pistol. Pinkerton 2, Thug 3, and Bertrum nervously move towards the house with guns at the ready.

7/FAULKNER:

Let's wind this up, gentlemen.

8/FAULKNER:

We're dealing with a lunger and a girl here, not a pair of dyed-in-the-wool killers.

10.7

Wide panel.

On the group moving towards the house, firing their rifles and guns (Faulkner is in the rear of the group, and he is not shooting). Smoke billows in the air around them. Pinkerton 2 catches a bullet in the belly and pitches forward, dropping his weapon.

7/PINKERTON 2:

Uhhh—

SFX (Gunshots):

BLAM! BLAM! K-POW! BLAM! BLAM!

PAGE 11

Six Panels

11.1

Inside the cabin, close on Gregory. He is moving out of the bedroom, looking back towards his step-daughter.

1/GREGORY:

Becky, once you hear me commence to shooting again, I want you to try to sneak out the back.

2/GREGORY:

Don't worry about me. Just—

11.2

Closer on Gregory as a fit of coughing overtakes him. He clasps a hand to his mouth. His eyes are closed in his coughing fit.

3/GREGORY:

Kaff! Cough! Kaff!

11.3

Vision panel.

(Note: the Sixth Gun speaks to its wielder in visions of the past, present, and future. These panels should be set aside visually from other panels in the book.)

We see Faulkner and Bertrum, outside. Bertrum is carrying Becky, who is limp in her arms, possibly dead.

NO COPY.

11.4

Snapping back to reality.

Faulkner has walked up on Gregory and has his pistol aimed right between Gregory's eyes.

NO COPY.

SFX (Faulkner's Gun):

C-click—

11.5

As a shot rings out, Gregory topples backwards, over the bed. As he flies backwards, he knocks the bedside table over, shattering the water pitcher. Becky, standing on the other side of the bed, screams as she watches her father fall.

4/BECKY:

Nooo!

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM!

SFX (Gregory's Fall):

Smash!

11.6

Angle past Becky on Gregory. The old man is on the floor, dead. His legs are over the edge of the mattress; his back is on the floor. The Sixth Gun is on the floor, a few inches from his fingertips.

NO COPY.

PAGE 12

Five Panels

12.1

From behind Becky, as Faulkner, Thug 3, and Bertrum enter the bedroom. Bertrum eyes the girl like he's never seen a woman before.

1/BERTRUM:

Don't you worry none, little girl. I'll take care of you real good.

2/THUG 3:

Heh heh ...

12.2

Becky grabs the Sixth Gun from the floor.

NO COPY.

12.3

Angle from behind Faulkner and his henchmen as Becky draws a bead and fires. The muzzle of the Sixth Gun flashes, and Thug 3 pitches forward, catching a bullet right in the chest. Faulkner dodges to the side, while Bertrum is almost comical as he hurls himself away from the gunfire.

3/BERTRUM:

Aw, Hell!

SFX (Gunfire):

B-BLAM!

12.4

Close on Becky, growing faint. She swoons a bit, touching her forehead with the back of her hand like a classic movie heroin ... except that she's holding the pistol in that hand.

4/BECKY:

Just stay back! Stay away from ...

5/BECKY (Small Lettering):

Oh ...

12.5

Vision panel as Becky experiences the first of the visions induced by the gun.

In the vision, Becky sees a small Spanish village. The bodies of the dead are all around, sprawled in the dirt. Some of them look like they've been mauled by wild animals. Others are burned. Some died with looks of terror upon their faces. Flies buzz around them and land upon their dead flesh. Four men on horseback (the four horsemen) ride through the scene of the slaughter. They are, at this point, no more than silhouettes.

NO COPY.

PAGE 13

Seven Panels

13.1

Becky collapses to the floor, dropping the gun.

1/BECKY (Small Lettering):

Unnhhh—

13.2

Angle past Faulkner, on Bertrum. He crouches next to Becky. He's smiling stupidly at Faulker as he reaches down to pick up the pistol. Faulkner reaches out, barking at him to stop. But it's too late.

2/BERTRUM:

What d'you think happened to her? Reckon the excitement was just a little much for her? Either way, looks like we got the shooting iron—

3/FAULKNER:

Don't touch it!

13.3

On Bertum, reeling back in pain. He clutches at his arm as he drops the Sixth Gun. His had, where he was holding the weapon, is smoking.

4/BERTRUM:

Agh! Hellfire!

SFX (Burning Flesh):

SssSssSss

13.4

Angle past Bertrum, who clutches at his injured hand. Faulkner kneels down to pick up the gun. He uses a cloth handkerchief to touch the weapon.

5/FAULKNER:

The gun's **bound** to the girl now that she's touched it. It **belongs** to her.

6/FAULKNER:

Nobody else can so much as touch it while she's **alive**.

13.5

Outside the house as Faulkner, carrying the handkerchief-wrapped pistol, steps out. Bertrum, carrying an unconscious Becky, is a couple of steps behind him.

7/BERTRUM:

So why not just kill her?

8/FAULKNER:

Our employer left strict instructions that the gun's owner was to be brought in alive if at all possible.

13.6

Bertrum stands next to Faulkner. He's looking down at the men who are sprawled on the ground. Pinkerton 2 is groaning and kicking in the dirt.

9/PINKERTON 2 (Weakly):

Unnh ...

10/BERTRUM:

What about him?

13.7

Close on Faulkner (foreground). He looks nonplussed by the plight of his companions. Behind him, in the sky, the vultures circle.

11/FAULKNER:

Leave him. He'll never survive the trip back.

12/FAULKNER:

Anyway, if he gave a damn about getting the job done, he wouldn't have gotten himself shot in the first place.

Six Panels

14.1

Establishing shot of the Montcrief farmstead. In the background, the sun is setting, and the sky is cast in a crimson hue.

1/CAPTION:

There those who say the buzzard is one of the wisest critters in all the world ... and they're just aching to share their knowledge ...

14.2

Close on three vultures, now perched on the roof of the farm house. The birds glower hungrily at the meals awaiting them below.

2/CAPTION:

Only, through some twist of fate, the only people who can hear what the bird has to say are those who're close to death.

3/CAPTION:

So ... while you're lying there bleeding out, the buzzard lingers nearby, whispering secrets—all the secrets in the world—in your ear in a strange language only you and the other dying can understand.

14.3

In the foreground, Pinkerton 2 lies upon the ground. He clutches his gut with bloodied fingers as he whimpers and gasps for air. His flesh is pale and sweaty. In the background, we see Drake Sinclair. He is walking towards the house. Drake's black horse stands in the distant background.

4/CAPTION:

Ain't that just the way? The answers to every question you've ever asked right there for the taking, and all you can care about is whether Heaven or Hell awaits when you finally shut your eyes.

3/PINKERTON 2 (Weakly):

Oooh ... Unnnh ... Somebody ... help me ...

14.4

Interior of the house as Drake steps inside, looking around with an expression of vague disinterest. His hand is on the handle of his pistol, but the weapon is not drawn.

NO COPY.

14.5

Drake enters Gregory's bedroom.

NO COPY.

14.6

Angle past Gregory, on Drake. Drake looks down at the man.

NO COPY.

PAGE 15

Six Panels

15.1

Drake squats down next to the dead man. He is looking around the room as he rubs his hands together, betraying the slightest bit of discomfort.

1/DRAKE (Small Lettering):

VonAllen ...

2/DRAKE (Small Lettering):

Dammit.

15.2

Angle past Drake as he notices the wooden case which once held the gun. The case is open on the floor, and the shape of the gun can still be seen in the fabric lining.

3/DRAKE (Small Lettering):

Gonna go back and chop that blasted tree down for kindling ...

15.3

Angle past Gregory's face, on Drake, looking at the man. Drake looks sickened and angry by the scene around him.

NO COPY.

15.4

Back outside, on Pinkerton 2 as a shadow falls across his face.

4/DRAKE (Off-panel):

What happened here?

5/PINKERTON 2:

Y-you a **Pinkerton**?

15.5

Pinkerton 2's POV. Drake looms over him. In the fading light, Drake is silhouetted, a dark shape in a bowler hat.

6/DRAKE:

Not hardly.

15.6

Close on Drake's face. The shadows obscure his features.

7/DRAKE:

And I'm not in the frame of mind to enjoy repeating myself, either.

8/DRAKE:

What happened here? Who sent you to kill the **preacher**?

PAGE 16

Six Panels

16.1

On Pinkerton 2, wincing painfully as he speaks.

1/PINKERTON 2:

Preacher? What're you talking about?

2/PINKERTON 2:

We were supposed to bring some old farmer and his stepdaughter back to our employer ... something about some property the stole ... only the old coot had more fight in him than we expected ...

16.2

Angle past the Pinkerton, on Drake.

3/DRAKE:

Your employer?

4/PINKERTON 2:

I've never ... met her. Some woman ... owns a saloon and cathouse ... the Silver Palace ... in the town of Brimstone. They took the girl to her ...

16.3

Angle from the roof of the farmhouse, close past one of the ugly buzzards waiting for its meal. The carrion bird looks down at Pinkerton 2 and Drake. Drake, is looking away from the man, towards the buzzard.

3/PINKERTON 2:

... Left me to **rot** out here ...

4/PINKERTON 2:

I'm hurt pretty bad, mister ... but if you could just get me to a sawbones ... I think I might make it ...

16.4

In the foreground, Pinkerton 2 is watching Drake walk away, towards his horse. He reaches out for the man with his bloody, twitching hand. He cries out to him.

5/DRAKE:

That might be **wishful** thinking on your part ... and **praying** might serve you a sight better about now.

6/PINKERTON 2:

Wait! Wait! Don't just leave me out here!

7/PINKERTON 2:

You can't just leave me! You ... You **Devil**!

16.5

In the foreground, Drake walks away. A slight smile curls his lip. Behind him, Pinkerton 2 is yelling after him as one of the vultures flaps down towards him.

8/DRAKE:

The Devil?

9/DRAKE:

No ...

16.6

Wide panel.

In the foreground, Drake mounts his horse without looking back. In the background, Pinkerton 2 screams at flails helplessly at the buzzards that swoop and dive around him. One of the birds tears a strip of clothing and flesh from the man as it takes to the air.

10/DRAKE:

But I do his business from time to time.

PAGE 17

Six Panels

17.1

Wide panel.

Cut to a shot of a small Spanish village in the distance. Tufts of beavertail cactus grow in the hard, dry earth in the foreground. Rocks and boulders are scattered here and there. A hard-packed trail runs past an old graveyard leading up to the tiny village. A large, walled mission is the centerpiece of the town. *(Note: I've included a few images of Spanish missions in the Appendix. Feel free to be creative with the mission. It should look somewhat fortress-like, and should include at least one bell tower. We just don't want it to look like the Alamo.)* A couple of columns of smoke rise here and there from the village.

1/CAPTION:

Even as Drake set out for Brimstone, another chapter of the story was unfolding blackly in a different part of the world.

17.2

Within the village now. We see that it was once an almost picturesque place, with gardens, wells, and quaint terracotta buildings. Some of the buildings appear to have been smashed now. There is broken pottery upon the ground. Gardens have been trampled. Basically, it looks as though a war has been waged here, and there are a few bodies of villagers sprawled in the dirt.

2/CAPTION:

The Widow Hume might have sent her Pinkertons after the pistol ...

17.3

Wide panel.

This is similar to panel 12.5. We are now panning past the evidence of the ruin that has been wrought on the village. Dozens of bodies lay in the dirt.

3/CAPTION:

But she had dispatched an altogether more **sinister** group of hombres to a small village far from the Montcrief farmstead.

17.4

Close on the legs of four horses. Tiny clouds of dust rise from the hooves of the animals as they walk along.

NO COPY.

17.5

On the mission. The gates are closed.

NO COPY.

SFX (Bells):

Bong! Bong! B-bong!

17.6

From within the mission bell tower. A brown-robed padre (**Padre 1**), stares out into the village. Next to him, another padre is pulling the ropes to ring the bells. Both the men look nervous and sweaty. In the distance, we see four men on horseback riding towards the mission.

1/PADRE 1:

They're coming!

SFX (Bells):

Bong! Bong!

PAGE 18

Five Panels

18.1

On the mission grounds. An older padre (**Father Arturo**) stands next to a **young padre**. The young padre looks concerned, frightened. Around them, we see several padres scrambling about. It seems a bit odd, but some of the padres carry rifles. A pair of them carries a large wooden crate.

The mission grounds are simple, but a key feature of the courtyard is a stone-lined well.

1/YOUNG PADRE:

I don't understand, Father Arturo. These men ... Who are they? Why do they do such vile things?

2/FATHER ARTURO:

They've come to free the **dead man**.

3/YOUNG PADRE:

The dead man ... You mean—

18.2

Angle on the padres with the wooden crate. The crate is on the ground, and they are breaking it open. They lift a gatling gun from the crate. In the background, the older padre talks to the younger man, while other padres scurry about, armed with rifles.

3/FATHER ARTURO:

We knew we couldn't hide forever. We knew they'd eventually come.

4/FATHER ARTURO:

But I always thought there would be more time.

18.3

Angle past Father Arturo, looking out across the courtyard as padres armed with rifles and pistols scramble about. The padres move past the stone-lined well.

5/FATHER ARTURO:

Is it terrible that I had hoped today would be a younger man's concern?

18.3

Over the shoulders of the padres manning the gatling gun. On the mission gates.

NO COPY.

18.5

Large panel.

The gates explode in a cloud of fire, smoke, and debris. Wood and stone shrapnel flies through the air. Padres are blown back from the fury of the explosion. The gatling shatters under the force of the concussion, and the two padres who were manning the weapon are blown back like shrapnel-shredded rag dolls.

NO COPY.

SFX (Gates Exploding):

SH-BWAM!

PAGE 19

Seven Panels

19.1

We'll illustrate the devastation being wrought throughout the monastery over the next few panels. *(Note: We're not going to show the power of the gun's directly, but we'll hint at what they can do. Therefore, I'd suggest that when depicting some of the destruction, we show some things on fire or black, curling smoke wriggling through the air.)*

On a pair of padres. One is on his knees, taking aim with a rifle. The other holds a six-shooter. He was standing, but he is flailing back, dropping his gun, as a bullet takes his life.

NO COPY.

SFX (Gunfire):

BLAM! BLAM! B-BLAM! BLAM!

(SFX (Gunfire):

BLAM! P-POW! BLAM!

19.2

Padres run for their lives (and one of them takes a bullet between his shoulder blades) past the bell tower. Half of the bell tower is exploding, crumbling to dust and ruin.

NO COPY.

SFX (Gunfire):

POW! BLAM! BLAM!

SFX (Explosion):

B-BOOM!

19.3

In the foreground, close on the pain- and terror-filled face of a dead padre sprawled on the ground. Beyond, a **frightened padre** is firing a pistol at an unseen menace. He's crying out in panic. The air around him is filled with smoke.

NO COPY.

SFX (Gunfire):

BLAM! BLAM! POW! BLAM!

19.4

On Father Arturo and the young padre. Father Arturo is stepping past the young man. He pulls a pistol from his robes.

3/YOUNG PADRE:

They're tearing right through us! Father, we must flee!

4/FATHER ARTURO:

We cannot. Do you understand? We must fight to the—

19.5

Father Arturo cries out and staggers back as a bullet tears through the sleeve of his shirt. Next to him the young padre is wide-eyed and frightened.

5/FATHER ARTURO:

Aggh!

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM!

19.6

The young padre places a hand on the older padre's shoulder. The older padre clutches his arm where he was shot. Despite the injury, he looks a little relieved.

6/YOUNG PADRE:

Father!

7/FATHER ARTURO:

I ... I'm all right. It was just a flesh w—

19.7

Extreme close up of the older padre's face. His mouth falls open. His eyes snap wide.

NO COPY.

PAGE 20

Five Panels

20.1

Pulling back as the older padre writhes in sudden, shocking pain. He clutches at the elbow of his injured arm. Horribly, his arm is rotting and decaying before his eyes. The flesh is bubbling and dripping and melting away, leaving naught but bone. Even the padre's clothing is rotting and falling away, as if aging centuries in the span of seconds. The padre squeezes his arm, trying to hold the infection at bay.

1/FATHER ARTURO (Screaming):

Yeearrggghhh!

20.2

Close on the Young Padre's horrified face.

NO COPY.

20.3

Close on Father Arturo's body. The rotting disease has quickly spread across his entire body. The padre's flesh bubbles up in festering warts and growths, and it melts away, revealing bone beneath. One of his eyes has been eaten away by the rapid progression of the disease. The other is wide and horrified, even in death.

NO COPY.

20.4

On the Young Padre, from behind. He turns, feeling as if the devil is breathing down his neck.

(Note: I think the voices of the horsemen, when they talk, should come across as inhuman. Perhaps we could do something with the balloon or the font.)

2/VOICE (Off-panel, From Behind Young Padre):

Tsk tsk tsk ...

3/VOICE (Off-panel, From Behind Young Padre):

Do you know what the shame of it is?

20.5

Large panel.

Now we have our first clear view of the horrible men who have been wreaking such havoc upon the village and mission. They sit upon their massive black horses and survey their handiwork with solemn pleasure. They have been transformed into monsters by the power of the guns. While we never overtly refer to them as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, they definitely fit the role, and throughout the script they will be referred to by their apocalyptic “call signs.”

- “Bloodthirsty” Bill Sumter (**War**) – a large bull of a man. He is nigh unstoppable, and beneath his clothing he is covered in riveted metal plates that form a kind of body armor.
- Will Arcene (**Famine**) – terribly thin and pale. He is bald on top, but his hair is long and filthy. He wears no shirt, but he does doff a dark duster.
- “Filthy” Ben Kinney (**Pestilence**) – If a rag-covered leper decided to become an outlaw, he’d be Ben Kinney.
- Silas “Bitter Ridge” Hedgepeth (**Death**) – dressed all in black finery, he sports a skull-like mask. His face beneath is even more horrific, like something out of Phantom of the Opera.

Each man is armed with one of the Six. The pearl-handle of each gun is inset with an arcane symbol. *The gun Pestilence holds is smoking.*

Death leans forward in his saddle as he talks to the young padre.

4/DEATH:

... All this bloodshed could have been avoided ... But now’s your chance to make things **right** ... and save your own skin at the same time ...

5/DEATH:

Tell me where you’re hiding the General and all this goes away. You can **mourn** your dead or **celebrate** your own survival. Either way, you won’t see us again.

6/DEATH:

Isn’t that a **fine** compromise?

PAGE 21

Seven Panels

21.1

Angle past the young padre. He hangs his head in shame. Behind him, we see the well. He's beginning to look back towards it.

3/YOUNG PADRE:

...

4/YOUNG PADRE:

There ... He's down there ...

21.2

In the foreground, War, Pestilence, and Famine walk towards the well, leaving their horses behind them. Death is still in his saddle, leaning forward. The young padre watches the three horsemen.

5/DEATH:

You did the right thing.

21.3

Angle past Death, on the young padre. Death casually raises his pistol and plugs the young monk.

6/DEATH:

Pity I can't return the favor.

SFX (Gunshot):

BLAM!

21.4

On Death, looking up, towards his companions. The young padre is no longer in the panel, but we have a small hint of the power of Death's pistol. Wisps of curling black smoke rise up before the horseman from the ground where the padre lies.

7/YOUNG PADRE (Off-panel, Weakly):

Gggg ... gghh ... ggg...

21.5

On the well. Pestilence and War stand next to the well, but Famine cannot be seen. We might notice that his dark duster is on the ground next to the well.

NO COPY.

21.6

Closer on the well, as Famine, now shirtless and dripping wet, climbs out. He hands the end of a rope to War.

NO COPY.

21.7

In the foreground, War trudges away from the well, pulling the ropes, which is slung over his shoulder. The rope is taught. Pestilence and Famine lean over the well, looking down into the depths.

NO COPY.

PAGE 22

Six Panels

22.1

Closer on the well, as a rotted, worm-eaten, water-logged casket is pulled, dripping, to the surface. Pestilence and Famine steady the coffin as it rises.

1/FAMINE:

Easy now ... Easy ...

22.2

Outside the mission gates now, as Death has dismounted. He holds the reins to his horse, as well as the others. The other three horsemen emerge from the mission. War carries the casket over his shoulder as if it weighed nothing. Smoke rises from within the mission walls.

NO COPY.

22.3

The casket is now standing on its end, with War holding it up. Pestilence uses a shard of crooked shrapnel to pry the lid off as a voice rises from the casket.

2/VOICE (GENERAL HUME) (Weakly, From Within the Casket):

H-how long?

3/VOICE (GENERAL HUME) (Weakly, From Within the Casket):

How long have I been gone?

22.4

The casket is now open. We see **General Hume**, a withered, wild-haired, wild-eyed wizard of a man. His skin is sunken and has a deathly pallor. Water bugs crawl in his tangled hair. His eyes are black, like those of a shark. He still wears his Confederate uniform. He is bound over and over with heavy iron chains within the coffin. The horsemen grin at their master's awakening.

4/GENERAL HUME:

How long have those **scumbellies** kept me secreted away on cursed **Holy Ground**?

5/WAR:

Too long, sir.

22.5

Close on the General, shrugging against his chains. Dust is blowing around him.

6/GENERAL HUME:

My **murder** has left me weakened. I can't break free from this coffin ... These **cold wrought** chains ... Not yet ... Soon enough I'll be strong enough to walk again, though ... Strong enough to raise my troops ... to lead them ...

7/GENERAL HUME:

But first ...

22.6

Wide panel.

Extreme close up of the General's yellowed, rotting teeth. He is sneering with anticipation.

8/GENERAL HUME:

I want my **gun** back.

Appendix



